DROP BY DROP.

The world grows older every day
The same things we are daily doing,
While some are born, some pass away.
Some wed, and some—well, they are wooing,
Some in the shade of sunny day
Spend all their life in scented posey,
Here dreaming, waste their time away
In bowers sheltered, rich and rosy,
But "drop by drop the raindrops fall,"
Quick time flies past on minutes winging—
Smooth down the steep rolls on the ball,
While golden time away we're flinging.
Amazed we meet the gloomy day—
The day that all too sure is coming,
When we are called with life to pay
The long account we have been summing.
Then slow and sure, like swift and strong,
Will find the past an idle song.

Mutton as Food.

Col. F. D. Curtis thus writes on the desirability of mutton. Thirty years ago but few fat sheep went into the markets. Now more than a million are required annually to supply the demands of New York city alone. The great staple meat food of the cities is beef, while in the country districts it is the flesh of swine. Farmers cannot keep whole carcasses of beef on hand, and if preserved in salt, as they do their pork, it soon gets hard and unpalatable. A carcase of mutton being so much smaller, even in hot weather a considerable portion of it can be used fresh and the balance pickled in salt. Mutton will keep longer in a fresh state than any other meat, and when corned is equally nutritious with beef, and far more wholesome than pig meat in any form. For persons of sedentary habits, and at all afflicted with weak digestion, a great deal more healthy than beef or pork. Many people who cannot digest either of the latter without distress, can eat mutton and experience no unpleasantness whatever. It is the cleanest and purest meat food in the whole animal kingdom, as a sheep will starve before it will eat any thing dirty or tainted. Mutton wastes less in the pot than beef. The bones are lighter and finer in proportion to the amount of meat in well-fed sheep, and this alone is an important item to those who have to buy. The less shrinkage in cooking is a considerable percentage in favor of mutton. The great reason why more mutton is not eaten is because of its poor quality, which is the result of no general system practised in the production of this important staple.

The Clothes-Line Nuisance.

Come, now, what infernal barbarity is this—leaving a clothes-line out after dark! A great deal of funny comment has been made upon the custom by thoughtless people, but it is a most serious matter, and it is high time the tomfoolery was abolished. We are just as ready as anybody to see the funny side of a thing, but we have ceased to observe anything amusing in being unexpectedly sawed across the face by a clothes-line. It is time there was a legislative enactment to either hang clothes-lines sixty feet above the earth, or make the leaving them out over nightfall a state-prison offense. It is a most incomprehensible fact a clothes-line is always hung across the garden path. If the yard was ten miles square and a path two feet wide crept along close to the fence, and the woman had but eight feet of line, she would manage to cover the path. Whether this is because she is perverse, or cannot help it, we do not know. We only know that it is so, and that it is an appalling evil. No home circle is safe where the custom prevails. It matters not how good natured a man is, it matters not how carefully he has been educated, it matters not how lofty and noble are his aspirations—the moment a clothes-line catches him under the chin, especially if he has a pan of ashes under his arms, that moment he sinks with awful velocity to the level of a brute, and proceeds to act out the conditions thereof at once. In its proper place a clothes-like is a valuable companion, but across a path after dark it is simply a brutalizing force.

—The Marysville *News*, in speaking of the college of its boyhood days, says:

If you stumbled on an institution called a college, the first thing they would put you in would be Latin. From four to six years they would grind you through the Latin and Greek languages, with a little bolting through what they called mathematics, geometry and trigonometry. All of which, when well mastered, is about as valuable to the great mass of American citizens in all the journey of life as Cherokee Indian, or the songs sung while the Mexican mound builders were throwing their mounds up. Of all the grand advances the American mind has made during the last fifty years, none is greater than that of educating the masses, and directing that education in such a way as to bear favorably on the common practicabilities of life. This is the immediate province of our common school system. Every branch of literature conducive to this end should be introduced and taught, and none others. If there is an occasional youth, meteoric in his thirst for knowledge, let him, comet-like, wander into other and distant systems, and explore to his liking. But our own sun should light up his own planets only.

—Rev. Dr. John Hall warns the young men of America that they are threatened by four perils, which are: Shallowness in business training, dislike of a trade, lack of any settled purpose in life, and enervating pursuits. Four dangers also confront the community in general. These are, in his opinion, a defective public spirit, weak commercial conscience, an exaggerated idea of personal freedom, and the feebleness of the prevailing religious life as evinced by enormous church debts, the dearth of able ministers and the intellectual gymnastics to which some clergymen resort in their efforts to obtain hearers.

Good Advice.

George Francis Train recently gave the following advice to some college young men:

"You want some good advice. It has ruined many a man, but may not harm you, because you will not follow it. Rise early; be abstemious; be frugal; attend to your own business, and never trust it to another; be not afraid to work, and diligently, too, with your own hands; treat every one with civility and respect; good manners insure success; accomplish what you undertake; decide, then persevere; diligence and industry overcome all difficulties; never be mean—rather give than take the odd shilling; never postpone till the morrow what can be done to-day; never anticipate wealth from any source but labor; honesty is not only the best policy, but the only policy; commence at the first round and keep climbing; make your word as good as your bond; seek knowledge to plan, enterprise to execute, honesty to govern all; never trade beyond your stock; never give too large credit; time is money; make few promises; keep your secrets; live within your income; sobriety above all things; luck is a word that does not apply to a successful man; not too much caution—slow but sure is the thing; the highest monuments are built piece by piece; step by step we mount the pyramids; be bold—be resolute when the clouds gather; difficulties are surmounted by opposition; self-confidence, self-reliance is your capital; your conscience the best monitor; never be over-sanguine; but don't underrate your own abilities; don't be discouraged; ninety-nine may say no, the hundredth, yes; take off your coat, roll up your sleeves, don't be afraid of manual labor; America is large enough for all; strike out for the west; the sea-shore cities are too crowded; the best letter of introduction is your own energy; lean on yourself when you walk; keep good company; the Spaniards say, if you lie down with dogs you will get up with fleas; keep out of politics, unless you are sure to win; you are never sure to win, so keep out."

Assassinating a Parrot.

A parrot has been assassinated in San Francisco. A faro banker named Fary, does business by night and sleeps by day. His lodging place is the upper floor of a three story house near the city hall. A fortnight ago a family moved into apartments on a lower floor. The gambler lost his sleep, for the new lodgers had a parrot of unusual lingual abilities, and each morning it was placed out on a porch in the rear immediately under his bedroom window, and woke him up and kept him awake with the ceaseless and senseless chatter and its domaniac laughter. He stood this until he had vainly hurled at it $37.60 worth of boot jacks, shoes, spittoons, tobacco boxes and empty soda bottles redolent of gin, by which time he concluded he must do something effective to abate the nuisance. Being an ardent trout-fisher, he fitted his beautiful fishing rod together, reeled out three stories of line, and having adjusted a very taking and highly-colored Mayfly as the proper bait for the season, went "whipping" through the window for his enemy. The device was eminently successful. The parrot made a dab at the deceitful fly, and with an artistic switch the fisherman fastened the barbed hook in his gullet and reeled in his fluttering and screeching prize. Releasing the hook he twisted the bird's head three times in one direction and its body five times in another, and then insultingly dropped the corpse into the porch below. But his crime had been witnessed, and he was subsequently arrested, but was triumphantly acquitted.

Lunatics do not Shed Tears.

One of the most curious facts connected with madness is the utter absence of tears amid the insane. Whatever the form of madness, tears are conspicuous by their absence, as much in the depression of melancholy, or excitement of mania, as in the utter apathy of dementia. If a patient in a lunatic asylum be discovered in tears, it will be found that it is one beginning to recover, or an emotional outbreak in an epileptic who is scarcely truly insane, while actual insane persons appear to have lost the power of weeping; it is only returning reason which can once more unloose the fountain of their tears. Even when a lunatic is telling one in fervid language how she has been deprived of her children, or the outrages that have been perpetrated to herself, her eye is never even moist. The ready gush of tears which accompany the plaint of the sane woman contrasts strangely with the dry-eyed appeal of the talkative lunatic. It would, indeed, seem that tears give relief to feelings which, when pent up, lead to madness. It is one of the privileges of reason to be able to weep. Amid all the misery of the insane they find no relief in tears.

—A New York reporter went out a few days ago in search of a mythical long-bearded man, believed to be a shoemaker, and residing somewhere in Ninth street. He did not find him, but instead met Mr. Thomas McBurney, keeper of a porter-house, who has a beard something over three feet long. He boasts that it is the longest beard worn by any man in the country who has kept it exposed. He says a beard will grow much longer if worn under the clothing. Mr. McBurney was full of information on the subject of long-bearded men, and gave it as his opinion that Mr. Charles Blake, of Jersey City, had the handsomest and longest beard in the United States. It is fifty-two inches in length, falling below his knees, is in color a dull auburn, and when the sun shines upon it, it shines like gold.

Crazed by the Use of Arsenic.

About a year ago, says the Sacramento *Bee*, a young lady of sunny temperament and pleasant features began to use to excess preparations for bleaching her hair to the fashionable golden tinge, and at the same time became a slave to that beautifier of the complexion and the form—the deceptive poison, arsenic. Her features before, though not beautiful, were at least good. People soon remarked her changed appearance for the better. Her complexion was rosy and blooming; her form plumper than it had been, and her skin smooth and white. But her self-congratulation did not last long. Headaches soon followed, growing more and more violent every day, but still she kept on using the abominable stuff which has been the ruin of so many. Of late her sufferings have been almost intolerable. The blessing of sleep has not been hers. Her head was a very hell of torture night and day. Her mind grew feebler and feebler, her thoughts wandered, her intellect was lost, and to-day, a girl of twenty years, she is confined in a cell in that prison of the living dead, Stockton, a maniac.

The Cross of the Editor.

The cross of the editor, says the Troy *Times*, constant as cruel, is the evanescence of his productions. The most brilliant articles seem like the fire-fly of June. It flashes and then expires. Collected editorials are the dullest of reading. They are salt that has lost its savor. The most promising experiments of this kind have been failures. Dust is on the leaves and publishers are vexed. But to what hard-working editors does there not come the hope that at some time with propitious circumstances, when the collar shall no longer chafe, and the strain shall be relaxed, of doing something that will have permanent utility, upon which he may felicitate himself, as Gibbon joyed beneath the acacias of Lausanne, or as Allibone, with holier emotion, returned his "profound gratitude to that Almighty Being, 'without whose help all labor is ineffectual, and without whose grace all wisdom is folly?" But the vision never receives the halo of realization, hardly the hue of anticipation. The grinding toil endures, and to the last he tugs as at a windlass, letting buckets down into the well of thought only to draw them up full—of emptiness.

Big Words.

Big words are great favorites with people of small ideas and weak conceptions. They are sometimes employed by men of mind, when they wish to use language that may best conceal their thoughts. With few exceptions, however, illiterate and half-educated persons use more "big words" than people of thorough education. It is a very common, but egregious, mistake, to suppose the long words are more genteel than the short ones—just as the same sort of people imagine high colors and flashy figures improve the style of dress. These are the kind of folks who don't begin, but always "commence." They don't live but "reside." They don't go to bed, but mysteriously "retire." They don't eat and drink, but "partake of refreshments." They are never sick, but extremely indisposed;" and, instead of dying, at last, they "decease." The strength of the English language is in the short words—chiefly monosyllables of Saxon derivation; and people who are in earnest seldom use any other. Love, hate, anger, grief, and joy express themselves in short words and direct sentences; while cunning, falsehood, and affectation delight in what Horace calls verba sesquipedalia—words "a foot and a half" long.

In Heaven.

It has often been noticed, so often that the subject is trite, how often a vein of comedy is found in the deepest tragedies of life. This is exemplified in a remark of Godwin to his dying wife, the characteristic of that unsentimental materialist to be passed over. In one of Mary Wollstonecraft's last hours, when she was suffering acute agony, Mr. Basil Montague ran to Dr. Carlisle, and returned before the physician with an anodyne which he administered himself, raising her in bed to give it. The medicine had an immediate effect, and she turned to her husband, who held her hand, with a sigh of relief, and said, "Oh, Godwin, I am in heaven!" But even at that moment Godwin declined to be entrapped into the admission that heaven existed, and he calmly replied, "You mean, my dear, that your physical sensations are somewhat easier."

A City in Two States.

This is perhaps the only city in the world, says a Bristol correspondent, that has two mayors and two city governments, police, etc., and is taxed in two states. The line between Tennessee and Virginia is the center of Main street, and it gives rise to many funny scenes, as, for example, a runaway couple need no coach and four, but, arm in arm, step across Main street and are wedded. The fugitive commits a crime in Virginia, goes to the pavement on the other side of the street, and talks defiantly to the officer on the opposite side, who has a warrant for his arrest. A misstep or a too bold disposition will sometimes, however, bring him to grief. Several instances have occurred of a fugitive being hustled across the line by a party prepared, while in the act of holding such a conversation, and they tell of a man who defiantly perched himself on a pile of store boxes within six feet of the line, jeering at the officers on the other side, but, unfortunately for him, law-abiding citizens tilted the boxes, and when he reached the ground he was in the other state.

The Growth of London.

An important return has been issued by the Metropolitan Board of Works, showing the "number of inhabited houses, population and ratable annual value of the parishes and districts comprised within the metropolitan area in the year 1856 and 1857, or as near those dates as can be accurately stated." According to this return it appears that the total ratable annual value has more than doubled itself within the twenty years. In 1856 the amount was £11,253,003, and in 1876 it was £23,114,313. The total number of inhabited houses has increased from 360,089 in 1851 to 419,642 in 1871, but in this column a decrease is shown in respect of the City of London. The number of inhabited houses in the City of London in 1851 was 14,483, but in 1871 there was only 9,235. In 1851 the population of the metropolis was 2,362,465, and in 1871 it had increased to 3,266,087.

—The Chinese mode of wearing the hair makes the flowery land the paradise of barbers, and the Chinese barber has not his counterpart the world over. From dawn he is in the streets carrying upon his shoulders at either end of a long bamboo, adorned with an effigy of a chimerical creature, the paraphernalia of his craft. Eagerly on the look-out for any one whose poll is not perfectly shaven, as soon as he detects such a one he has him in a trice installed on a stool beneath a large parasol fixed in the ground. In the twinkling of an eye Ah is ready, and the scull under his manipulation soon becomes as smooth as ivory. That done he passes on to the pigtail, which he brushes, perfumes, and dresses with the greatest care. Useless as it seems to us, it really is by no means so. The schoolmaster brings it smartly to bear on the fingers of recalcitrant youth, the ass driver has no other instrument wherewith to stimulate his beast, the man tired of life employs it as a hanging rope, and lastly the executioner seizes hold of it when he decapitates a man.

The Beauty.—A dry goods clerk was showing a lady some parasols recently. This clerk had a good command of language, and knows how to expatiate on the good qualities and show the best point of goods. As he picked up a parasol from the counter and opened it, he struck an attitude of admiration, and holding it up so the best light would be had, said:

"Now, there. Isn't it lovely? Look at that silk! Particularly observe the quality, the finish, the general effect. Feel of it. Pass your hand over it. No foolishness about that parasol, is there?" he said as he handed it over to the lady; "ain't it a beauty?"

"Yes," said the lady, stuffing her handkerchief into her mouth, "yes, that's mine. I just laid it down there."

The clerk was immediately seized with a severe attack of quickened conscience, and passed right off of the subject of parasols on to the weather.

Eggs.—There is a wonderful amount of nutriment in eggs if they are properly prepared for table. There are over a hundred ways of cooking eggs; yet Mrs. Doolittle will never place them upon her table unmixed with milk or flour, excepting in the indigestible, feathery state that they attain when fried with ham or pork fat. To be sure, it makes a savory, toothsome dish, but woe be to the luckless wight who is unblessed with the digestive powers of the ostrich if he tastes them. Why cannot she learn to serve them baked upon a plate, or "curdeled," or fried or baked as omelettes? In any of these forms they are quite as appetizing, and are also most easily digested by the majority. Hard-boiled eggs cannot be recommended to any one, but should be cut up fine if eaten at all.

"Shut Your Mouth."—Catlin taught the world the importance of shutting the mouth and breathing through the nose. It would seem that his little book entitled 'Shut your Mouth,' is bearing fruit in Germany where new thoughts receive more attention from physicians than anywhere else in the world. Respiration by the mouth is easier than by the nose, but it is not so safe. The nose to a certain extent fits the air for entering the lungs. The sense of smell warns us against breathing an air loaded with poisonous vapors. The moisture of the nasal cavities to some extent saturates the air, and makes it less irritating to the throat and larynx. The mucus of the nasal passage and the hairs catch the dust before it goes far enough to harm. On the other hand, breathing through the mouth dries the throat and in children may cause false croup catarrh, and it may so effect the Eustachian tube as to cause injury to the ear and deafness.

—Dr. Ayer was a classmate of Gen. Butler in the Lowell High School. He also studied at Westford Academy, and had a good general education. When 19 he bound himself for three years to a druggist. But before the expiration of his term of service the gentleman went to Europe, leaving young Ayer in sole charge of the business. It was during this period that he compounded the Cherry Pectoral for pulmonary complaints, which physicians tried and greatly commended. The industrious young clerk purchased the store soon after, and at the age of 23 entered business on his own account, which was followed by building manufactories and the invention of new medicines, finally ending in a large fortune and fatal disease.

The starlight broods soft o'er the sleeping world.
And the harvest moon windeth its crescent horn;
While the man of the town he squirmeth around,
And cutteth with anguish his yellow corn.

A Cautious Man.

A friend of mine went recently to have a tooth stopped. The dentist advised him that he had better have the tooth taken out, and assured him that he would feel no pain if he took laughing gas.

"What is the effect of the gas?" asked my friend.

"It simply makes you totally insensible," remarked the dentist: "don't know anything that takes place."

"My friend submitted, but just previous to the gas being administered, he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out his money.

"Oh, don't trouble about that now," said the dentist, thinking he was going to be paid his fee.

"Not at all," said the patient; "I was simply going to see how much I had before the gas took effect."

The Sun's Distance.—It will be remembered that the astronomer royal for England some time ago announced to Parliament that the sun's distance, as deduced from the British transit of Venus observations on December 9, 1874, was 93,331,000 miles. This was considerably greater than had been anticipated. Mr. Stone, of Cape Town, has rediscussed the observation by picking and choosing among them and casting out those which appear least valuable. The result is a distance of 91,940,000 miles. Singularly, though, Capt. Tupman, who was in England and ignorant of Mr. Stone's calculations, had just obtained the same result by the same method, on the very day that Mr. Stone's letter of announcement arrived.

—A Troy inventor will shortly take out a patent for a cataphone. By means of wires stretched along backyard fences and house-tops he conveys, with the aid of some simple machinery, all concatenate caterwauls into an air-tight barrel. By another simple contrivance the sound in the barrel can be compressed, and can be used in quantities for fire and burglar alarms. The inventor predicts that he will give to the boys something that will make Rome howl in place of dangerous firecrackers for Fourth of July celebrations. For blasting rocks, he says it is just the thing.

—In selecting flour first look to the color. If it is white with a yellowish straw color tint, buy it. If it is white with a bluish cast, or with black in it, refuse it. Next examine its adhesiveness—wet and knead a little of it between your fingers; if it works soft and sticky, it is poor. Then throw a little lump of dried flower against a smooth surface; if it falls like powder, it is bad. Lastly, squeeze some of the flower tightly in your hand; if it retains the shape given by the pressure, that, too, is a good sign. It is safe to buy flour that will stand all these tests.

—Dr. Huillet, late of Pondicherry, undertakes to show that vaccination was known to a certain Dahuwantori, who flourished several thousand years before Hippocrates. Dr. Huillet arrived at this conclusion from the contents of certain Hindoo manuscripts preserved at Pondicherry, in which are described the effects produced by inoculating the human subject with the matter taken from a man or cow. The secondary disease is described as identical in appearance with its source, with this difference—that it is quite harmless.

—To clean off the ugly scratches left on paint by lighting matches upon it, cut a sour orange or lemon in half; apply the cut half to the marks, rubbing for a moment quite hard; then wash off with a rag, dipped first in water to moisten it, and then in whiting. Rub well with this rag, dry thoroughly, and nine times out of ten the ugly marks will vanish. Of course, sometimes they are burned in so deeply that they cannot be quite eradicated.

—To some pungent remarks of a professional brother, a western lawyer began his reply as follows: "May it please this court; Reeting upon the couch of republican equality as I do, covered with the blanket of constitutional panoply as I am, and protected by the segis of American liberty as I feel myself to be, I despise the buzzing of the professional insect who has just sat down, and defy his futile attempts to penetrate, with his puny sting, the interstices of my impervious covering."

—Prof. Ottoni, the Roman artist, has on exhibition in London, "Christ Dying on the Cross," which, by means of a fabo shadow on the upper eyelid, the face is given the look of life or death, according to the point of view of the spectator. Several years ago a crucifix in a German gothic church, at Remagen, attracted a good deal of attention from this device, and the same trick was repeated by Herr Gabriel Max, in his "Head of Our Savior."

—Some people believe they can think faster on railroad trains than anywhere else, the theory being that the rapid motion quickens the action of the mind. Some influence of that kind may have affected a man and woman who met for the first time while traveling from Elmira to Philadelphia. They sat in the same seat, fell into conversation, were irresistibly attracted toward each other, and at the end of seven hours were married.

—The Louisville, *Courier-Journal* tells of a Kentucky man, who is pretty fond of his bitters, and was seen in Stanford last week with a blue ribbon pinned on his coat. A friend inquired, "Have you joined the Murphys, Judge?" "Not exactly," he replied, "I only wear this in the hope that some one will ask me to take a drink under the impression that I'll refuse."